

THE DYING SOLDIER.

- . Lay him down gently, where shadows lie still
And cool, by the side of the bright mountain rill,
Where spreads the soft grass its velvety sheen,
A welcoming couch for repose so serene ;
Where opening flowers their aroma breathe
From clustering tendrils that lovingly wreath,
And quivering leaves their murmurous song
In whispers are chanting the bright summer long—
There lay the young hero. See, from his side
0. Flows swiftly the current whose dark, pulsing tide
Is bearing away the bright sands of life,
And closing for ever this wild dream of strife.
Feebly uncloses the fast dimming eye,
Once bright as the jewels that light up the sky ;
5. A moment he looks on the bough-spreading dome,
Then whispers, in anguish, " Oh, take—take me home !
But no ! far away o'er mountain and fen,
Lies the home that I never shall enter again ;
Whose loving ones wait to welcome in joy,
0. Back to its sunlight, their own soldier-boy.
Father, when proudly you gave up your child,
And brushed back the tears while your lips sadly smiled,
How vague was the thought that we never more
Should meet till we stood on eternity's shore.
5. And, mother, again I feel thy hot tears
Rain on my cheek. Not the mildew of years,
Nor shadows of death can tarnish the bliss,
The blessing you gave in that last, holy kiss.
Oh, darkly shall gather clouds o'er the hearth
0. That echoed once gayly with music and mirth ;
O God ! may Thy Spirit be there to sustain,
When record shall mingle my name with the slain.
And one, too, whose fair cheek whiter still grew
As I pressed on her lip my last sad adieu !